THE
COUNTESS'S SPEECH
To her SON
RODERIGO,
UPON

Her firſt ſeeing him, after he was wounded in a late DUEL.

As it was preſented

By the AUTHOR, on *Monday* the Firſt Day of *February*, 1731. to the Right Honourable *William Pultney*, Eſq; at his Houſe in *Arlington-ſtreet*, near St. *James*'s.

To which is prefixed,

Some curious OBSERVATIONS on BOYS challenging their Betters.

Ne'er was a harder Caſe, pray let me tell you,
To have a SMALL Prick *at Bottom of the Belly.*

LONDON:

Printed by R. WALKER, for the Author, and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

(Price Six-pence.)

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May 18, 1911.
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Some curious OBSERVATIONS *on* BOYS *challenging their Betters.*

AS it is cuſtomary at the Meeting of every Seſſion of Parliament for the Members to propoſe ſome Bills to be made into Laws, and others to be repeal'd. It would not, I believe, be amiſs, if a Bill were this Seſſion brought into the Houſe, to make it Penal for any Member to Inſult, and much more to Challenge, another, in order to diſable him from attending at the Houſe, when any Bill of Importance is to be brought in, which a leading Party imagines may create ſome Debates; as, for Example, the continuance of the *Heſſian* Forces, *&c.*

I remember in the Reign of her moſt ſacred Majeſty, the late Queen *ANNE*, whoſe Memory can never be too dear to every *Engliſhman*, that the late Duke *Hamilton* being to be ſent Embaſſador to the Court of *France*, the *Whigs* being very apprehenſive of the Conſequence of ſuch an Embaſſy, contrived all the *Ways and Means* imaginable to fruſtrate his Departure.

But all proving to no purpoſe, it was at laſt reſolved to remove him by any Methods, and accordingly my Lord *Mohun*, a *rattling hair-brain'd Peer*, who had ſome *Baſtard Courage* when he was drunk, was hounded on to Challenge him, much againſt his Will, for the Duke was known to be as brave a Man as moſt as ever drew a Sword.

The ſame Meaſures which proved ſucceſsful once 'twas thought might ſucceed again, tho' it pleas'd Providence to diſappoint a *certain Perſon's dark Schemes*, and turn them

to the utter Confuſion of the Contrivers and Abettors, who now muſt bluſh, if it be poſſible for an *Æthiopian* to change his Skin, at their vain Attempts.

Caleb D'Anvers, Eſq; has long been an Eye-ſore to a certain Plump Gentleman: Various Methods have been tried to bring him over to his Side; but he has been ſo inflexibly and incorruptibly Honeſt, (that is to ſay, in other Words as the Times go, a Fool) that nothing would prevail upon him to depart from his Integrity, not even the fear of the *Tower*, though he ſhould be forced to ſpend his Time there at *Skittles*. Well;

Flectere ſinequeo ſuperos Acheronta movebo.

If *Caleb* is not to be removed or biaſſed by fair Means, he muſt by foul, by G-d, ſo ſwears *Osborn*, *Walſingham*, S———*y*, &c.

But if ſuch Ways of Dealing with Antagoniſts is allow'd, even *honeſt Bob himſelf* may be challenged every Hour, and be obliged to lie at the Mercy of every *Bully*, who, not being ſo rich as he, ſhall think fit to pick a Hole in his Coat, as G-d knows too many are ready to do every Day.

However, if the Seſſion ſhould be too far advanced, or the Houſe too full of Buſineſs, to admit of ſuch a Bill this Seaſon, it were to be wiſh'd, for *Bob*'s Security, that a Vote were to be paſs'd, to make it *High Treaſon*, any ways to diſturb or moleſt the Quiet of any fat Gentleman who thinks fit to plunder his Country.

A Great LADY's

SPEECH

To her SON,

On her firſt ſeeing him after his being wounded by *Mr. P*------

WHEN firſt this Duel reach'd the tender Ears
Of *B*------'s Counteſs, full of anxious Fears,
A Chair being order'd, to her Son ſhe flies,
And thus addreſs'd him, with o'erflowing Eyes:
Jacky, did e'er I think the Day to ſee
When you for Bully *Bob* a Bully'd be?
Did I e'er think you'd tempt the dang'rous Field?
Was that Hand fit the murdering Sword to wield?

What haſt thou got by all thy hair-brain'd Zeal?
Is *Bob* a Surgeon thoſe curs'd Wounds to heal?
He ſhou'd be damn'd, and all his blund'ring Kin,
E'er I'd a Pamphlet write, or *ſpoil that Skin.*
Should thoſe Wounds ſend thee, *Jacky*, to thy Grave,
Where could thy Mother Compenſation have?
Cou'd *Robin*'s Wealth reſtore thy Life again,
Or make Atonement for a Mother's Pain?
'Mongſt *Belles* and *Beaux* what weeping would there be?
'Mongſt *Belles* and *Beaux* none ſo belov'd as thee.
O! cruel *Pult'ney*, moſt hard-hearted Man,
How could'ſt thou make thoſe Cheeks ſo pale and wan?
Fiercer than Tygers ſurely thou muſt be,
To hurt my Boy, who ſcarce wou'd hurt a Flea.
Thou, pretty Youth, was't never made to fight,
Unleſs it were with Ladies in the Night,
Not in the Field with ſuch a hardy *Wight.*
You ſee ev'n *Bob* he openly defies,
Baffles his Meaſures, and detects his Lies.

And

And cou'd you ſuch a Champion hope t'oppoſe,
You, who've ſcarce wip'd the Milk from off your Noſe.
What had'ſt thou, *Jack*, with Politicks to do?
Robin ſhou'd ſink, and all his hireling Crew,
If they can be upheld by none but you.
If Bullies he muſt have, his Cauſe t'eſpouſe,
Let him go ſeek them in his own vile Houſe.
Wou'd neither Blockhead *H----e*, nor *L--h-p*,
To fight their blund'ring Brother's Quarrels ſtoop?
And wou'd'ſt thou be his Tool? Oh! moſt unkind!
But he ſhall henceforth other Champions find.
Oft have I ſeen thee, *Jacky*, at *Quadrille*,
'Gainſt Knights o'th' *Bath* exert ſuperiour Skill;
But never thought thee a fit Match for *WILL.*
What tho' thou can'ſt a *Mattador* command,
Can'ſt thou kill *Poultney* with that milk white Hand?
You wield a Sword, or you State-Pamphlets write,
You anſwer *Caleb D'Anvers*, you go ſh-te.

Prithee,

Prithee, fond Boy, ſuch vain Attempts give o're,
Leſt thou again ſhou'dſt welter in thy gore.
Forgive, dear Child, a Mother's anxious Cares,
For much thy Mother for her *Jacky* fears,
Give writing Pamphlets o'er, and ſay thy Pray'rs.
But hold, I had forgot, 'tis almoſt eight,
And I make Company at *Ombre* wait.
This ſaid, ſhe drank ſome *Nants*, in haſte aroſe,
Kiſs'd her dear Boy, and left him to repoſe.

F I N I S.